mpets
n Call
e Empire

Must Go

West and Great
Britain

NQUERS ALL

This Christmas, serve Christie's Puddings and Cakes. Their wholesome goodness will delight young and old.

Hurrah! We have
Christie's Christmas Puddings
MADE BY THE BAKERS OF
Christie's Biscuits
The Standard of Quality Since 1853

Secret Things Of Home Secretary

Jix Gives Interview On Badness and Goodness of London

London—As soon as a new Home Secretary takes office he is initiated into certain things that are going on in London which hardly any man knows or unless he lives the life of a flaneur in the West End.—Lord Brentford—Better known as Jix.

Jix, whose pronouncements as Home Secretary were famous, made some more pronouncements. They were on the subject of London as a Centre of Crime and in a few dramatic [illegible]

[illegible]

also, as a final [illegible] declared that London is [illegible] as some other places.

It was in the solemn hush of a solicitor's office just off the Strand—the offices of this old firm—that he walked up and down on a soft carpet and delivered his judgment on London.

Secret Service

He was sitting alone at the head of a very long table in a very long room when I was ushered in (writes a correspondent). I asked him what were those mysterious things he had hinted at in a speech which new Home Secretary learned.

He rose from his chair.

He smiled his friendly twinkling smile.

Then he said, "Ah, they cannot be told in public," and shook his head.

He walked up and down, his head bent in thought. He paused in front of the fire, and clasped his hands behind him. And then he talked about London as seen by a Home Secretary.

"A man who has not been Home Secretary cannot possibly know all the ramifications of crime and vice which exist in London," he said. "He cannot be aware of the facts about the central part of London.

"Nor can he know the real truth about what is commonly called the 'secret service.'

"But a Home Secretary knows it.

"A home Secretary understands that this 'secret service' is a perfectly legitimate duty which the police are compelled to do in their fight against crime and in their efforts to combat activities detrimental to this country which come from abroad.

Jix resumed his pacing.

"There are certain things which originate on the Continent which cannot be made public," he said.

"All these things add their weight to the burden of the great office of Home Secretary—an office which I think is the most interesting in the whole world."

I asked Jix if he regarded the few square miles around Piccadilly Circus as the most wicked place in the world.

He shook his head firmly. "Every capital must of necessity be a centre of amusement and vice," he said, in a judicial voice, "But I don't believe that London is as bad as some other places.

"Lord Byng, the Commissioner of Police, has done a great deal during his first year of office—and is still doing a great deal—to improve London.

"He is doing it, moreover, without disturbing legitimate amusements at all."

Then Jix shook hands with me and sat down at the head of that very long table in that very long room, and went on with his work.

Rangers Snare Wolf, Long Terror of Deer Herd

Toronto.—A large gray wolf, which for months has terrorized the large herds of deer roaming through Algonquin Park, is dead.

Traps had been set in vain until it appeared he would never be caught.

Jim Shields, chief park ranger, finally outwitted the wolf by placing a cunningly laid trap fastened to a four inch pole. Visiting the snare one day Shields found the trap gone. The wolf had gnawed through the thick pole and taken the trap away with him. Shields and his assistants followed the trail and after twenty-seven miles of tramping came upon the body of the wolf with the trap still fast to its foreleg.

Lady (to tramp)—"And you say you are an educated man?" Tramp—"Yes, ma'am; I'm a roads' scholar!"

Hospital for Sick Children

67 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO 2
December, 1929.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Your newspaper goes to a lot of good-hearted people who will be very pleased to learn that the new country branch of the Hospital for Sick Children, established last year a few miles away from the main hospital in Toronto, is producing results even greater than its most ardent supporters anticipated when the ambitious project was [illegible]. So please publish this letter as a piece of good news for all friends of the poor little "Sick Kids."

Thousands of [illegible] from all parts of Ontario come to the Hospital in the course of a year.

Generosity of friends throughout the Province has made possible the marvellous extension which has now earned for Ontario the credit of having the finest hospital in the world for little ones [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] in the year 1913 the Hospital for Sick Children recorded 75,153 patient days. In 1923 the total was [illegible] and in 1928 it was [illegible]. In 1929 the business [illegible] September [illegible] the total [illegible] of 121,417.

This remarkable growth naturally carries with it correspondingly large additional expenses and as there is a loss every day on the cost of maintenance of practically every little patient, the deficit to be taken care of by big-hearted friends of the grand cause runs into an enormous total. Please ask your readers to lend a hand.

Who is there more entitled to a share of the Christmas bounty than the "Sick Kids"? This year there are many claims upon benevolent citizens, but none stronger than that of the large number of afflicted children who can be restored to the benefit of the whole community.

Faithfully yours,
IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman of Appeal Committee.

Journals Alarmed At Insect Invasions

Redoubled Warfare on Fruit Fly Held Necessary

Both "Nature" (England) and "Industrial and Engineering Chemistry" have recently expressed alarm over the increased difficulty of insect control. The recent invasion of one more insect, the Mediterranean fruit fly, serves again to call our attention to the never-ceasing warfare between man and these tiny competitors. We confess that there is almost enough in the situation to make us pessimistic," says the latter journal. "Nature" is concerned chiefly with the spread of the buffalo fly in Australia. This insect was brought in from Java. Conditions there make the insect less destructive than in Australia, where the plan of cattle raising, the cattle being rounded up but once in a year, or even two years—makes its control next to impossible. The raising of fat cattle for slaughter is rendered almost impossible at certain seasons, and, indeed, it seems possible that this pest may prove to be a main limiting factor in beef production in the northern areas of the commonwealth. In view of the world position in the beef industry, the situation is disquieting from an empire point of view," says "Nature."

Armistice Day

Kappa, in the Nation and Athenaeum (London): The vast outpouring of eloquence on and about Armistice Day is usually a weariness to me. The note of insincerity is so patent in much of it. A ritual of appropriate sentiment has become fixed, and it is dead and dreary with convention. The two-minutes' silence is a great conception, but two minutes is not long enough to compensate for the loud noises from Press, Pulpit and Platform. Still, there are hopeful signs of the growth of sanity and realism. As the celebration comes round each year, one notes the steady strengthening of a desire to make use of it as a time of repentance for the past and resolve for the future.

Eggs in Three Days

are guaranteed by crushing "Magic Egg Gland Tablets" in your fowls' drinking water or mash or your money back. Are rich in vitamins, proteins, and wonderful, scientific egg-making ingredients. No special feeding required. Mrs. Crawford, Ontario writes: "Your tablets gave splendid results on second day of use." Will keep your hens laying big through the Fall and Winter. Used for years by thousands of farmers. Free Bulletin for [illegible] big box 60c; two big boxes [illegible] Agents Wanted. [illegible] 2294 McGinn Ave. [illegible]

Sister Angela

Copyright 1929, by Robert Henry Todd

Sister Angela is a cheerful, contented looking person. As she walks up Third Avenue this bright July morning quite a number of the men and women—yes, and children, too—hurrying to work, touch their caps, or nod, as they pass.

It was late the night before, that Sister Angela received a telegram from her brother Tom, stating that he would arrive at the Grand Central Station at eight o'clock the following morning; and now she is going to meet him. Tom had enlisted, and served his time in the Phillipines without receiving so much as a scratch. He had been given his discharge and was now on his way home.

As she hurries up the street, she smiles as she thinks of the handsome, jolly-hearted fellow, whom more than one girl has missed during the past few years. Arriving at the station she goes through it, and out on to one of the platforms where Tom's train will come in. There are a great number of people waiting there for some of Tom's companions are coming home, too, they having enlisted the same time as he did.

After a few minutes waiting, the clang, clang of the engine bell echoes through the station, and the big engine draws up to the platform and comes to a stop. Soldier boys hastily climb from the coaches, and for the next few minutes are busy kissing, hugging, and shaking hands with relatives and friends.

Sister Angela's big brother Tom had spied her blackclad figure before the train had come to a stop, and you may be sure he was at her side before you could say "Jack Robinson." And now they stand conversing, watching with pleased faces, the many happy reunions of mothers and sons, brothers and sisters, and husbands and wives.

As they stand there a voice behind them is raised in anger, and the voice seems familiar to Sister Angela. Clutching her brother's arm, she turns and looks at the speaker. He is a handsome, broad-shouldered young fellow—a returned soldier. A stylishly-dressed young woman — presumably his wife—is pressing him to do something, and he is protesting.

Sister Angela presses her brother's arm. Answering the pressure, the big fellow looks at her, and following the direction of her eyes he sees the young soldier and his companion. He gives a violent start, and his hands clench.

Sister Angela again touches her brother's arm. "Let us go," she says, and she is looking very pale.

For a moment Tom stands glaring at the other soldier and his companion, but finally he walks away with his sister. When they reach the street, she speaks again:

"So he isn't dead, after all," she says.

"No," he answers sharply. "I guess it was her doing."

"But why should she want to deceive me?"

"She wanted him for herself, I guess."

"I wonder if he is happy with her."

"Well it doesn't look that way to me. Why, she was actually quarrelling with him before he was home two minutes."

"And she deceived him?"

"Of course she did. First of all, she told you he was dead. Showed you the paper with the notice in it. By the way, her uncle owned that paper. Then, when you took the veil, she probably wrote to him. Sympathized with him, and all that, and the result was he married her. I only wish—" and the big fellow looked positively murderous.

Once more Sister Angela pressed his arm. "Never mind, Tom," she said, and oh, the sadness in her voice; "no doubt it is for the best."

Tom stopped and regarded her. "Yes, my sister," he said, "no doubt it is for the best" and there in the street with tears in his eyes, he stooped and kissed her.

"Necking is an obscure term to some but most people don't mind being in the dark about it."

Australasian Flyers Map Flights of 80,000 Miles

London.—Flight Lieut. E. A. Gorhall and Capt. L. R. Shaw, the one an Australian and the other a New Zealander, have planned flights that will cover 80,000 miles and take more than a year to perform.

A trip in a light plane from Australia to Japan and back will inaugurate the program, which will be continued by a journey to England in the same machine.

In England they will purchase a large plane and attempt a 45,000-mile flight around the world.

Of labor's ended, and the stubborn soil
That we have striven with the whole day long
Yields now, and takes us in a soft caress,
[illegible] gives us quietness.
—P. McGuire in the Sydney Bulletin

Broadway Tragedy

Copyright 1929, by Robert Henry Todd

"Look out!"

The two score or so of people passing along Broadway, between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, hesitate uncertainly, then seeing danger, they scamper to safety—all but one man, who, apparently unheeding the warning cry, walks on.

There is a sickening, dull kind of noise; a horible scream, and a swaying figure. For a moment or two the people are stupified, but fear quickly gives way to curiosity, and they hastily form a ring about the prostrate figure on the pavement.

"What's the matter?" some one asks.

"A man up on the building let a brick fall, and some one is hurt," replies a man who has seen the accident.

One man takes off his overcoat, and puts it under the bruised and bleeding head, and another hurries away to telephone for an ambulance.

A fashionably dressed woman joins the crowd. She gives one look at the white face and rushing forward, she kneels beside the injured man. She passionately kisses the lifeless face, and moans inarticulately, something like: "Charlie, my poor Charlie. Forgive me, Charlie. Oh, God, what have I done; what have I done. Won't somebody go for a doctor? Oh, Charlie my poor Charlie."

Almost like a demented creature, she fondles the calm, wax-like face, regardles of the many curious eyes that stare at her.

There is the patter of horses' hoofs, and the sharp clang of a bell. The ambulance has arrived; and the crowd press back, and make way for the doctor. Not unkindly he shoves the woman to one side.

Taking up the limp hand, he feels the pulse. "Dead," he says in a matter of fact tone.

A shudder passes through the crowd as they realize the significance of the word; some even glance up at the building with fear in their eyes.

The stretcher is brought, and the dead man is carried to the ambulance. The doctor climbs up behind, once more the bell clangs, and the ambulance quickly moves away on its journey to the Morgue.

All this time the woman has been looking on in a dazed manner, occasionally moaning and wringing her hands. A lady steps forward and leads the agonized woman into a shoe store, away from the gaze of the curious. But the crowd still lingers, looking in a hypnotized manner at the blood-bespattered pavement.

A policeman comes up and he forces the crowd to disperse. From a nearby store a man comes with a pail of water and a broom, and he cleanses the pavement. And so ends another tragedy of Broadway.

IS THERE A BABY IN YOUR HOME?

Is there a baby or young children in your home? If there is you should not be witout a box of Baby's Own Tablets. Childhood ailments come quickly and means should always be at hand to promptly fight them. Baby's Own Tablets are the ideal home remedy. They regulate the bowels; sweeten the stomach; banish constipation and indigestion; break up colds and simple fevers—in fact they relieve all the minor ills of little ones. Concerning them, Mrs. Moise Cabotte, Makamik, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets are the best remedy in the world for little ones. My baby suffered terribly from indigestion and vomiting, but the Tablets soon set her right and now she is in perfect health." The tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Low Speed Competition Gains Favor in Air Races

Airplane races in which the contestants strive to turn in the lowest speed instead of the highest are gaining favor in air meets. To compete effectively in such a race a pilot must throttle his plane down until it is flying slightly faster than the stalling speed, and if he tries to go too slowly his plane will nose downward and start toward the ground.

A race of this kind held recently at Hadley Airport was won by Captain Ive McKinney flying a Gates RSV convertible mono-biplane. His speed was 28.1 miles an hour.

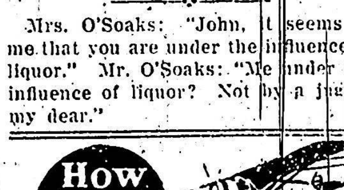
The greediest man is satisfied with a small helping when his wife is giving him a piece of her mind.

Money doesn't mean everything in this world, but somehow everything in this world seems to mean money.

Minard's Liniment for Chapped Hands

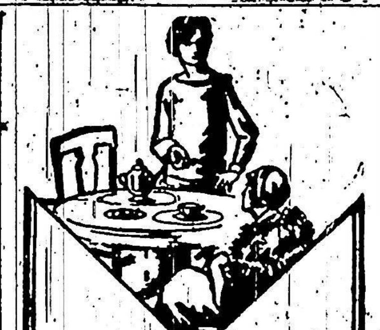
Mrs. O'Soaks: "John, it seems to me that you are under the influence of liquor." Mr. O'Soaks: "Me under the influence of liquor? Not by a jugful, my dear."

How to Learn AVIATION



International Aviation Schools have just opened in Toronto, a new and highly modern School and is equipped to teach Aviation in all its branches, under the guidance of ex-Imperial ground and flying Instructors. There is a tremendous demand for trained Aviation experts, at very high salaries. If you contemplate or have planned Aviation as your future profession, get in touch with us at once. Free employment service while learning and graduates assisted to highly paid positions. Day and Evening classes now being formed. Call in person or write.

INTERNATIONAL AVIATION SCHOOLS
137-143 Wellington Street West, Toronto, Canada.



IS YOUR APPETITE POOR?

PERHAPS by dieting or other means, you have been treating the symptoms, rather than the cause. Loss of appetite, heartburn, sour stomach, are symptoms that the blood is impure. This explains the successful use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in all such cases. Here is a typical example:—

"I began to feel easily tired," writes Miss Margaret White, of Parry Sound, "and when I sat down to a meal I felt I did not want to eat. A doctor told me I was anaemic but I made little progress with his medicine. When I started taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I soon noticed that my appetite was improving, that the headaches came less frequently and that I was not so easily tired. Now my weight has increased, my cheeks are rosy and every ache and pain has vanished."

Start today to improve your appetite. Buy Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from your druggist's or by mail, postpaid, at 50 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ontario. Send for free book—"What to Eat and How to Eat".

2-14

Dr. Williams' PINK PILLS
"A HOUSEHOLD NAME IN 54 COUNTRIES"

Britain's New Forests

Great Britain is once more becoming a country of forests. The Forestry Commission has planted 275,813 acres of woodlands between 1920 and 1928, and 17,237 acres were added in the past year.

It has been the policy of the commissioners to re-plant the old royal forests, such as Sherwood, the New Forest, Rockingham, Wyre and High Peak—ancient names that ring like trumpet calls down the lanes of history.

The greatest stretch of forest anywhere in England will be in East Anglia, where an entirely new area is being planted. It is being started with 24,000 acres around Thetford, and ultimately the commissioners dream of extending this to a mighty forest of 80,000 to 100,000 acres. This would be four times the size of the New Forest.

In Wales the annual demand for pit-props requires 500,000 acres of forest to supply them. This is exactly the area of forestable waste land in the Principality.

"Bridget, why are you sweeping the living room a second time? You did it an hour ago."

"Yes, mum, but you see tomorrow is my day off, an' I won't have a chance to do it at all."

Not So Easy

Natal Advertiser: Some people have a pathetic faith in the Government touch which they seem to fancy can transmute life's leaden metal into gold. Among these fond creatures we may count the women who voted at the National Congress in favor of asking General Hertzog's Ministry to compile forthwith a national anthem to "please both the English and the Afrikaans speaking section of the nation." "Not so easy, not so easy," as John Morley used to say of writing English.

Britain and the U.S.A.

Spectator (London): Great Britain and America, having now no fear or jealousy of each other, could arrange a permanent peace tomorrow. But other relations have to be brought in. The Latin nations will need a great deal of persuasion. They will raise Constitutional objections. The one clear thing is that the United States and Great Britain in combination have a fair hope of bringing the other nations into line and that there is no other hope.

Minard's Liniment for Distemper.

A diamond of the first water, we presume, is one that has a full complement of facets.

Dept. of Health

"One man's food is another man's poison" is a saying which has come down to us through the ages; in our day people are not content with a food supply which is simply not harmful, but insist on one that is healthful as well as safe.

What Does the Farmer Eat?

The farmer eats more than he requires of certain foods (meat, sugar and starches) and he eats too little of certain other foods necessary for his health requirements (milk, fruit and vegetables). This is not a wild guess on the part of some food faddist, but it the true picture of the actual food habits of farmers in a county, studied over a period of years. At the time the study was begun it was found that in many homes in the county, although the table was set three times a day, the food was often the same old bill of fare—fried meat, fried potatoes, bread, cake and pie and coffee. From their own statements many of the residents were going along from day to day, not sick, but feeling below par; headache was common, constipation was reported by a great number and indigestion was a cause of annoyance to many of the farmers and their wives.

Body Food Needs

Man needs food to supply the body (1) with energy to work, (2) with material to repair worn-out tissues in the older person and to produce new tissue in the young, growing child.

To meet these needs, man should eat every day the foods which will result in this service to his body. In other words he should include in his daily intake foods from each of the following classes:

(1) Meat, eggs, fish, cheese—[illegible] 10% of the fuel to supply the energy should come from this class, which is called the proteins or tissue builders.

(2) Bread, cereals, potatoes and other starchy vegetables, [illegible] other sweet desserts; [illegible] sugar and starch class [illegible] supply about 60% of [illegible] ply the day's energy.

(3) Butter, cream, [illegible]

[illegible]

Canadian Finds Electric Current in Earthquakes

[illegible]

Changing China

Dr. Henry Hodgkin, [illegible] national Review of Missions [illegible] an increasing [illegible] thoughtful Chinese that the [illegible] confronting their country [illegible] solved as the moral life of [illegible] is deepened and strengthened. [illegible] large extent the old Confucian system has lost its former power. [illegible] sanctions are to be found [illegible] rooted tradition, an attitude [illegible] the venerable past which [illegible] yielding before the [illegible] spirit of today.

Belgian Roads Cut Potato Rates

Brussels.—To facilitate [illegible] the exceptionally heavy Belgian [illegible] harvest, railroads have [illegible] freight rates 25 per cent [illegible] continental Europe has a [illegible] crop, most of the Belgian [illegible] go overseas.

Minard's Liniment for Coughs.

GUILT

Alas! how difficult it is not to betray the countenance from betraying guilt.
—Ovid.

76 beats 36

Read this wonderful letter from a man of 76 who is "more active than 40 years ago," thanks to the "daily dime" of Kruschen Salts.

"As a subject of both gout and [illegible] for just over 50 years, I wish to acknowledge that I have found nothing so absolutely certain as Kruschen Salts. Epsom and other [illegible] have their virtues, but also their drawbacks. Kruschen Salts I have so far found [illegible] or more of using them, have no drawbacks and no counter-effect whatever. I am [illegible] more active than 40 years ago."

Kruschen Salts is obtainable at drug and department stores in Canada at [illegible] A bottle contains enough to last for [illegible] months—good health for half-a-cent a day.

Classified Advertisements

SITUATIONS VACANT

MEN WANTED QUICK, BIG pay, easy work. Earn while learning barber trade under famous Moler plan, world's most reliable barber school system. Write or call immediately for free catalogue. Moler College, 121 Queen West, Toronto.

Warning

Courtships of all ships
Are fickle, my boy;
It may be a derelict
Or a transport of joy.

If the maid in the case
Loves a pet dog, beware!!
Or your courtship will turn—
To a bark of despair.

Toothache—Minard's Liniment.

What are you putting Lloyd in water for?" "I heard there was [illegible]

LUXO FOR THE HAIR
Your Barber—He Knows

Pay the Highest Prices for DRESSED POULTRY
Write for quotations
Harris Abattoir Co. Ltd.
St. Lawrence Market, Toronto

PATENTS
List of "Wanted" Inventions and Full Information Sent Free on Request.
THE RAMSAY CO. Dept. W. 273 Bank St. Ottawa, Ont.

Acts like a Flash on Coughs & Colds
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

[illegible]
Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment

Deafness HEAD NOISES
Leonard EAR OIL
A. O. LEONARD, Inc.

Beware Infection

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

ASTHMA
QUICK RELIEF
FREE TRIAL
Distributors, Lymans, Ltd., [illegible] St. Paul St. West, Montreal
Dr. Guild's GREEN MOUNTAIN ASTHMA COMPOUND

Felt Tired and Miserable

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound [illegible] miserable and tired [illegible] have the strength [illegible] work. My nerves are [illegible] feel well and [illegible] good appetite. I [illegible] and am in pretty good [illegible] and able to work every day now. I recommend the Vegetable Compound and you may use this letter as a testimonial."—Miss Dolena Wallace, Union Street, North Devon, New Brunswick.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass., U.S.A. and Cobourg, Ontario, Canada.